

**Daily Appeal.**

For the Memphis Appeal.  
SMALL CAPITAL AND LARGE PRO-  
TRADE FROM THE FRIENDS  
BY W. H. SMITH.

A short time previous to the downfall of Louis Philippe, the citizen king, Paris was the scene of one of those era's of commercial delusions, with which the world has become familiar. A week or two before the revolution, a large sum of money, and fortunes made in a day, to last an hour; when the rashness of over confidence is succeeded by the madness of universal despair. During such a period, the most unscrupulous of us would have said that three years' friends were enjoying each other's society in rooms at the Hotel de Cluny, at Raine. With that kind of repartee indulged in by young men, it is no wonder that when the smoke of the cigar is wafted with the fragrant fume of a bowl of punch, they were "laughing the rigours of despotism." George thought he must certainly be dreaming—15,000 francs came legibly across his desk, and he had no time to consider what the owner would be obliged to accept the offer.

"It is impossible, sir, altogether impossible for me to give you an instant answer, call again, and we will settle the matter."

"At fifteen minutes before that time, Mr. Trudaine was knocking at George's door."

"Mr. Trudaine, said George, "I have a particular desire for that letter. I have a desire to purchase it if I can afford it, and the place is mine, you may require it, and I will give you a note of exchange."

"I will give you a note of fifteen days," replied the merchant.

"Paris exchange?"—so little did George know how to pay him off.

"Paris exchange?"—so little did George know how to pay him off.

"And I will give you a note of exchange, work which would make my reputation, but there is no such thing as finding a publisher who will take the risk of bringing it out."

"As for me," said Albert, "I will find you a publisher, and you can have a name and fame for the house in which I am engaged; I applied the other day for an increase of salary, which I am justly entitled to; the reply was that there was no money in the bank, and that I must take my place at six hundred francs, so that I was disappointed, —so may we as well make up our minds to remain contented as we are."

"If we cannot, such of us, captive to make certain sacrifices, will be compelled to leave, and go elsewhere."

"Well, that is an idea," said Albert, "but we three shall not be made to march single-handed."

"What is not?" said Charles, "with money, I would not soon have an office of my own?"

"Would not Albert have a business and clerks of his own?—you are literary and more artistic than I am."

"George, when he is here, he is always his pretty little belle, Madeline, whom he is fond of seeing because he has not a son?"

"You are doing business on a large scale," interposed George, who felt a little irritated.

"Oh! you are surprised," replied Charles.

"But I stand to my word, and will put it to the test."

"Gentlemen, let us draw lots and decide who of us shall be rich?" As he spoke, George dropped his hand on the table and began to dance.

"What do you think of it?" asked Charles.

"My! Oh! I am too tired now to think anything more about it," said George, smiling.

"Well, that is an idea," said Albert, "but we three shall not be made to march single-handed."

"What is not?" said Charles, "with money, I would not soon have an office of my own?"

"Would not Albert have a business and clerks of his own?—you are literary and more artistic than I am."

"George, when he is here, he is always his pretty little belle, Madeline, whom he is fond of seeing because he has not a son?"

"You are doing business on a large scale," interposed George, who felt a little irritated.

"Oh! you are surprised," replied Charles.

"But I stand to my word, and will put it to the test."

"Gentlemen, let us draw lots and decide who of us shall be rich?" As he spoke, George dropped his hand on the table and began to dance.

"What do you think of it?" asked Charles.

"My! Oh! I am too tired now to think anything more about it," said George, smiling.

"Well, that is an idea," said Albert, "but we three shall not be made to march single-handed."

"What is not?" said Charles, "with money, I would not soon have an office of my own?"

"Would not Albert have a business and clerks of his own?—you are literary and more artistic than I am."

"George, when he is here, he is always his pretty little belle, Madeline, whom he is fond of seeing because he has not a son?"

"You are doing business on a large scale," interposed George, who felt a little irritated.

"Oh! you are surprised," replied Charles.

"But I stand to my word, and will put it to the test."

"Gentlemen, let us draw lots and decide who of us shall be rich?" As he spoke, George dropped his hand on the table and began to dance.

"What do you think of it?" asked Charles.

"My! Oh! I am too tired now to think anything more about it," said George, smiling.

"Well, that is an idea," said Albert, "but we three shall not be made to march single-handed."

"What is not?" said Charles, "with money, I would not soon have an office of my own?"

"Would not Albert have a business and clerks of his own?—you are literary and more artistic than I am."

"George, when he is here, he is always his pretty little belle, Madeline, whom he is fond of seeing because he has not a son?"

"You are doing business on a large scale," interposed George, who felt a little irritated.

"Oh! you are surprised," replied Charles.

"But I stand to my word, and will put it to the test."

"Gentlemen, let us draw lots and decide who of us shall be rich?" As he spoke, George dropped his hand on the table and began to dance.

"What do you think of it?" asked Charles.

"My! Oh! I am too tired now to think anything more about it," said George, smiling.

"Well, that is an idea," said Albert, "but we three shall not be made to march single-handed."

"What is not?" said Charles, "with money, I would not soon have an office of my own?"

"Would not Albert have a business and clerks of his own?—you are literary and more artistic than I am."

"George, when he is here, he is always his pretty little belle, Madeline, whom he is fond of seeing because he has not a son?"

"You are doing business on a large scale," interposed George, who felt a little irritated.

"Oh! you are surprised," replied Charles.

"But I stand to my word, and will put it to the test."

"Gentlemen, let us draw lots and decide who of us shall be rich?" As he spoke, George dropped his hand on the table and began to dance.

"What do you think of it?" asked Charles.

"My! Oh! I am too tired now to think anything more about it," said George, smiling.

"Well, that is an idea," said Albert, "but we three shall not be made to march single-handed."

"What is not?" said Charles, "with money, I would not soon have an office of my own?"

"Would not Albert have a business and clerks of his own?—you are literary and more artistic than I am."

"George, when he is here, he is always his pretty little belle, Madeline, whom he is fond of seeing because he has not a son?"

"You are doing business on a large scale," interposed George, who felt a little irritated.

"Oh! you are surprised," replied Charles.

"But I stand to my word, and will put it to the test."

"Gentlemen, let us draw lots and decide who of us shall be rich?" As he spoke, George dropped his hand on the table and began to dance.

"What do you think of it?" asked Charles.

"My! Oh! I am too tired now to think anything more about it," said George, smiling.

"Well, that is an idea," said Albert, "but we three shall not be made to march single-handed."

"What is not?" said Charles, "with money, I would not soon have an office of my own?"

"Would not Albert have a business and clerks of his own?—you are literary and more artistic than I am."

"George, when he is here, he is always his pretty little belle, Madeline, whom he is fond of seeing because he has not a son?"

"You are doing business on a large scale," interposed George, who felt a little irritated.

"Oh! you are surprised," replied Charles.

"But I stand to my word, and will put it to the test."

"Gentlemen, let us draw lots and decide who of us shall be rich?" As he spoke, George dropped his hand on the table and began to dance.

"What do you think of it?" asked Charles.

"My! Oh! I am too tired now to think anything more about it," said George, smiling.

"Well, that is an idea," said Albert, "but we three shall not be made to march single-handed."

"What is not?" said Charles, "with money, I would not soon have an office of my own?"

"Would not Albert have a business and clerks of his own?—you are literary and more artistic than I am."

"George, when he is here, he is always his pretty little belle, Madeline, whom he is fond of seeing because he has not a son?"

"You are doing business on a large scale," interposed George, who felt a little irritated.

"Oh! you are surprised," replied Charles.

"But I stand to my word, and will put it to the test."

"Gentlemen, let us draw lots and decide who of us shall be rich?" As he spoke, George dropped his hand on the table and began to dance.

"What do you think of it?" asked Charles.

"My! Oh! I am too tired now to think anything more about it," said George, smiling.

"Well, that is an idea," said Albert, "but we three shall not be made to march single-handed."

"What is not?" said Charles, "with money, I would not soon have an office of my own?"

"Would not Albert have a business and clerks of his own?—you are literary and more artistic than I am."

"George, when he is here, he is always his pretty little belle, Madeline, whom he is fond of seeing because he has not a son?"

"You are doing business on a large scale," interposed George, who felt a little irritated.

"Oh! you are surprised," replied Charles.

"But I stand to my word, and will put it to the test."

"Gentlemen, let us draw lots and decide who of us shall be rich?" As he spoke, George dropped his hand on the table and began to dance.

"What do you think of it?" asked Charles.

"My! Oh! I am too tired now to think anything more about it," said George, smiling.

"Well, that is an idea," said Albert, "but we three shall not be made to march single-handed."

"What is not?" said Charles, "with money, I would not soon have an office of my own?"

"Would not Albert have a business and clerks of his own?—you are literary and more artistic than I am."

"George, when he is here, he is always his pretty little belle, Madeline, whom he is fond of seeing because he has not a son?"

"You are doing business on a large scale," interposed George, who felt a little irritated.

"Oh! you are surprised," replied Charles.

"But I stand to my word, and will put it to the test."

"Gentlemen, let us draw lots and decide who of us shall be rich?" As he spoke, George dropped his hand on the table and began to dance.

"What do you think of it?" asked Charles.

"My! Oh! I am too tired now to think anything more about it," said George, smiling.

"Well, that is an idea," said Albert, "but we three shall not be made to march single-handed."

"What is not?" said Charles, "with money, I would not soon have an office of my own?"

"Would not Albert have a business and clerks of his own?—you are literary and more artistic than I am."

"George, when he is here, he is always his pretty little belle, Madeline, whom he is fond of seeing because he has not a son?"

"You are doing business on a large scale," interposed George, who felt a little irritated.

"Oh! you are surprised," replied Charles.

"But I stand to my word, and will put it to the test."

"Gentlemen, let us draw lots and decide who of us shall be rich?" As he spoke, George dropped his hand on the table and began to dance.

"What do you think of it?" asked Charles.

"My! Oh! I am too tired now to think anything more about it," said George, smiling.

"Well, that is an idea," said Albert, "but we three shall not be made to march single-handed."

"What is not?" said Charles, "with money, I would not soon have an office of my own?"

"Would not Albert have a business and clerks of his own?—you are literary and more artistic than I am."

"George, when he is here, he is always his pretty little belle, Madeline, whom he is fond of seeing because he has not a son?"

"You are doing business on a large scale," interposed George, who felt a little irritated.

"Oh! you are surprised," replied Charles.

"But I stand to my word, and will put it to the test."

"Gentlemen, let us draw lots and decide who of us shall be rich?" As he spoke, George dropped his hand on the table and began to dance.

"What do you think of it?" asked Charles.

"My! Oh! I am too tired now to think anything more about it," said George, smiling.

"Well, that is an idea," said Albert, "but we three shall not be made to march single-handed."

"What is not?" said Charles, "with money, I would not soon have an office of my own?"

"Would not Albert have a business and clerks of his own?—you are literary and more artistic than I am."

"George, when he is here, he is always his pretty little belle, Madeline, whom he is fond of seeing because he has not a son?"

"You are doing business on a large scale," interposed George, who felt a little irritated.

"Oh! you are surprised," replied Charles.

"But I stand to my word, and will put it to the test."

"Gentlemen, let us draw lots and decide who of us shall be rich?" As he spoke, George dropped